Take The Bait

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Take The Bait

by lambsWRATH

Summary

When Hannibal approaches Randall Tier in the museum, more than conversation takes place.

After Will finds out, it’s all downhill for Randall.

Notes

I suck at summaries, but you get the point.

Jealous Will Graham is jealous.

Takes place in the episode Shiizakana & Naka-Choko.

“Hello, Randall,” Hannibal’s voice is soft, parting his luscious lips with a small to match. As he approaches the younger man, who is busy putting the head of a prehistoric creature back into place, Hannibal watches their eyes meet.

It takes a moment to Randall to remember and register Hannibal Lecter—his once psychiatrist.

As a teenager, Hannibal told him that he has an identity disorder. However, Hannibal fed into his delusions, only furthering Randall’s beliefs that stretched between him and an animal. In that sense, everything that has happened the past two days or so, could technically be Hannibal’s fault. He pushed the younger man into the identity he so desired.

“Dr. Lecter,” Randall said, watching in awe as the man he hasn’t seen in years inches closer to the enclosure he was working on. Only separated by the fossil, Hannibal gave him another soft smile.

Eventually, Hannibal had made his way to the other side. He whispered nothing but appreciation and admiration for the young killer.

Proudness written across his face when he inched closer. Eventually, Hannibal’s hand placed took stake on Randall’s face. He inches closer, their noses cuddling softly.

“You’re Becoming,” Hannibal whispered between them, “It’s…more beautiful than I ever could have imagined.”

Randall seemed to melt into the incoming kiss. Their lips touched and opened together, feverish and needy.

If only this was a special someone in Randall’s place. Then it would be what Hannibal considered Heaven to be like.

Metaphorical, of course.

Randall seemed to enjoy it far more than Hannibal. But of course, Hannibal is always in control. Every move is calculated for his enjoyment and manipulation.

That’s all there is to it.

Hannibal’s strong hands guided Randall to the floor with ease. Randall wasn’t putting up the fight Hannibal thought he would. Perhaps Randall wanted this since a teen; to lay eager hands on his handsome therapist.

Randall positioned himself on his knees, taking in Hannibal’s height from this level. His dark eyelashes watching Hannibal’s face as he unzips his pants.

As soon as Hannibal is freed, Randall breathes him in, stroking the length with a hand. Sooner than later, Randall is sucking him down to the base. A heavy hand on the back of his head, not pushing—not shoving, just holding and caressing.

“You’re such a good boy, Randall. Let the beast out of its shackles. I’ll tell you what you need to do.”

Randall wasn’t an expert on sucking dick, however, Hannibal was appreciative of his eagerness to please anyways.

Soon, Hannibal tensed up, feeling ready to interval down the mans throat. Suddenly, he pulls out of his mouth, holding his chin up as Randall sucks in a gasping breath.

“I need you to kill Will Graham.”

Hannibal’s voice was dark, completely different from the sickly-sweet one he approached with. Randall could tell he was serious.

Hannibal’s hand holding Randall’s chin up tightened.

“Keep going.”

He released Randall’s face and Randall assumed his position again, sucking down Hannibal’s cock and continuing to bring Hannibal to orgasm.

Randall was doubling his efforts, trying to please Hannibal. Although Hannibal never threatened him, Randall knew that he could. Hannibal could kill him right now if he so pleased. Randall is defenseless at the moment, eyes closed in pleasure, hands gripping tightly to Hannibal’s thighs.

Finally, Hannibal’s hands returned to the back of Randall’s head, pulling his hair slightly. He stilled himself and felt hot, tasty come spread across his flat tongue. It seeped down his open throat and he swallowed around the thick cock that swelled at his orgasm.

Hannibal moaned sweetly, smiling down at Randall with ease.

“Come here,” Hannibal said gently, pulling out of Randall’s mouth once again and tucking himself back into his trousers.

Hannibal held Randall’s face with both hands.

“Kill Will Graham,” his words venomous and filled with poison as they stood inches from each other. “I will be very, very, appreciative.”

Randall nodded slowly.

“Just tell me what to do, Dr. Lecter.”

“Do exactly as I say.”

Later that night, Hannibal and Randall stood in the forrest that surrounded the front of Will’s home. His chimney pumping out plumes of white smoke into the clear night air.

“Remember what I said, Randall,” Hannibal told him quietly. He could hear the mechanical whirring of his hydraulics from Randall’s suit coming from beside him as they stood in the snow.

After a few minutes, Will turned off all of the lights in his house. Expecting whatever that hurt his dog to come for him as well.

Will knew it had to be Randall, based on the bite on Buster’s stomach. It made him sick to his stomach— seeing his helpless dog twitching in the snow. Hurt Will all you please, but hurting his dogs were another story.

He inched into the darkness of the hallway, holding his shotgun closely, awaiting for Randall to come through his door sporting his mechanical suit of torture.

After Hannibal left Randall to do his dirty work, Randall took a head start to Will’s window. He galloped, like a house— perhaps how the cave bear would have— straight through the glass next to Will’s bed. It shattered on impact, startling Will as he dove out of the way.

His dogs scattered as he hit the floor.

He aimed his shotgun at Randall as he drew closer to him. Randall was on all fours; animal like.

Will decided against shooting Randall, as he had planned. He knew as soon as he saw the young delusional man, that Hannibal set him up. Since Hannibal was the mastermind of this ordeal, he chucked his shotgun to the other side of the room.

Will himself had told Hannibal he wants to kill him with his bear fists— perhaps killing Randall with his fists will feel just like that. Intimate and heart burning.

Suddenly, Randall spoke.

The giant, fossilized teeth didn’t move as they bore into Will’s vision.

“Hannibal Lecter wants you dead,” the animal spoke. “He intends me to do his bidding.”

“Hannibal Lecter should be the one you kill. He has manipulated you…like he has done me,” Will answered, his teething barring as well, from the floor.

Randall inched closer, “He said he loves me— admires me. My work isn’t finished until I kill you. He said so himself.”

“Yeah? What else is new, Randall.”

Will was angry. It felt something different than before. He was angry when he realized what Hannibal was— what he had done to him. But this? It was a gnawing feeling; sick to your stomach, aching feeling.

Jealousy?

It wasn't exactly that new to Will. He was aware of how jealousy felt. But jealousy toward Hannibal and Randall? He didn't expect it. Maybe that's why it feels new.

"He let me suck his cock…he ever let you?"

Within a split second, Randall was pulled to the hardwood flooring. His back digging into his suit and Will's fist busting his lip.

Will saw red— hitting Randall over and over and watching blood take stake on his hard fists. He broke Randall's nose, busted his lip— possibly knocking teeth down his throat. His discarded head piece of skull wasn't able to protect him from the hell of Will and his anger.

As Will continued to hit Randall with a newfound sense of jealousy, he could see flashes of Hannibal and his smirking face looking back at him. The sick feeling crawling up his throat again.

The black stag was hit one last time before Will took him by the horns and jerked its head— hard. Breaking the neck of the beast, Randall Tier.

As Will gasped for breath, the vision of Hannibal disappeared and only the mangled, broken face of Randall was seen.

Will threw Randall to lay on Hannibal's long dinning room table. A present for the mad doctor. Will wasn't sure if Hannibal wanted this, but how else would he have wanted the night to go?

Will knew, that Hannibal knew, he would be set off the chain of events. He knew that Hannibal knew this would and could happen. It only added fuel to the fire of their relationship. Perhaps to get even for Will sending Matthew to murder him. Or just straight up manipulating Will into believing in himself and his own beast.

Hannibal remained emotionless as he opened the door. He saw Randall laying dead and beaten on his table before regarding Will.

"I sent someone to kill you. You sent someone to kill me. Even Steven," Will explained, just as emotionless as Hannibal.

"Indeed," Hannibal answered. "Did he say anything?"

"Only that you sent him to kill me," Will answered, tilting his head as he approached Hannibal on the other side of the table.

"And that he blew you," Will finished standing in Hannibal's personal space. Trying to be intimidating, but it was useless against Hannibal. He will always be the smartest and most intimating in any room he's in.

Hannibal's lips twitched into a smile as he looked over Randall's mangled body. Still so proud of Randall, more so proud that he followed directions perfectly.

“I see,” Hannibal eventually said, turning his face to Will.

“Why?”

“You sent someone to murder me, Will. I’m just evening to score, as you said.”

“Not what I asked,” Will gritted his teeth.

“What are you asking then?”

“Why…did you let him suck your cock?” Will had to push it out of his throat. The anger of jealousy beginning to rear it’s ugly head again.

Hannibal placed a hand on Will’s face, bringing their foreheads together as he looked into Will’s icy blue eyes.

“If you want to, all you have to do is ask,” Hannibal ignored Will’s question with his voice so perfectly even toned that Will had to blink a few times to register what was said.

“Fuck you.”

“Are you going ask?”

Hannibal taunted Will, brushing his thumb over Will’s bottom lip purposefully.

Without another word, Will dropped to his knees. His now shaking hands got to work quickly, undoing Hannibal’s trousers and pulling his hard length out.

He looked up through his thick eyelashes to regard Hannibal. He could see a smile spread across the bottom of Hannibal’s beautiful face, making the pit in his stomach tighten more. A hand brushed away a stand of curly dark hair and rubbed the pad of his thumb on Will’s cheekbone.

“Go ahead, Will. Ask,” Hannibal pleaded in a daunting tone from above.

Will stroked Hannibal’s cock a few times, taking in the impressive length and girth as he tried to swallow down through his dry mouth.

“Remember to say please. Don’t forget manners, Mr. Graham.”

Finally, Will’s face was tilted up to meet Hannibal’s. The smirk on Hannibal’s face wasn’t helping Will growing erection in his own jeans.

“May I please, suck your cock, Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal smiled brightly, as if he had won the lottery.

“Of course, Will.”

Will slowly inched down Hannibal’s cock. He pushed passed his gag reflex by breathing in slowly and willing himself to remain calm through the intrusion. He pulled back off, trailing

his tongue on the bottom of Hannibal's shaft. He could feel Hannibal's hand finding it's place on the back of his head, the other was keeping himself still on the table behind him.

He could feel Hannibal's thighs shaking slightly— perhaps the egotistical doctor doesn't last long in bed. The thought of Hannibal not controlling himself when it came to him, made him hot all over.
Why was he so eager to always please the man who destroyed his mental health, his job, and his security?

It seemed Will couldn't find the answer himself, so maybe Hannibal was offering an answer.

He continued to work languidly over Hannibal's hard shaft, using a fist at the base to steady himself and not choke violently. Hannibal's body seemed appreciative of the tight clutch.

"Mnph," Hannibal groaned. Will noticed his head tilt back, eyes closed, completely engulfed in pleasure.

"Yes," he whispered through his lips before they curled into a smirk.

Before Will could react, Hannibal had laid Will on the floor. He watched careful as Hannibal undid his jeans and pulled them off of his legs.

Will should stop him. But he won't.

It seems his body craves more of Hannibal when he feels Hannibal push his shirt out of the way.

Before he knows it, Hannibal is deep inside of him. He gasps, feeling the older mans breaths on his neck before sucking a blood red hickey in its place.

He wraps his legs around Hannibal's still clothes body, pulling him more. Hannibal's thrusts we're relentless. Will could feel himself inching up the wooden floor with each snap of Hannibal's hips.

This seemed to irk Hannibal, as he couldn't get a good enough grip on Will to keep himself steady.

He pulled out, tugging Will up onto his feet.

Will felt himself being bent over the table, Randall's face inches from his as he arched back into Hannibal's waist.

He closed his eyes, trying to not picture the lifeless eyes on his murder staring at him as he took Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal slid back in with ease, causing Will to arch his back into the table. His chest pressing harder against the surface when Hannibal continued at the same unrelenting pace as before.

Hannibal's hands grips Will waist, digging his fingers in the now sweaty skin.

Will's eyes snapped open when Hannibal pulled his head back, sinking himself deeper inside of Will's ass. He held onto Will's forehead as he leaned down to his ear.

"Look, Will. Look at what you have done," Hannibal taunted, his hips snapping harshly. All Will could hear, besides Hannibal in his ear, was skin against harsh fabric.

Will halfway wondering if Hannibal cared if he stained his beautiful suit. Assuming because he hasn't discarded it yet, he doesn't.

Another hard thrust causes Will to come back to Randall's face. It's unmoving and unnerving.

"Did you picture me?" Hannibal asked, slightly biting on the shell of Will's ear.

"Was it intimate? Tell me, how did it feel?"

"Yes," Will moaned out, feeling Hannibal's thumb brush against his bottom lip.

"It felt so good," Will gasped, feeling Hannibal's thrust angle just right to hit his prostate.

"And this?" Hannibal asked, breathing into Will's neck before biting it playfully. He snapped his hips for added affect.

"It-it- feels s-so good," Will moaned out loudly. Hannibal allowed Will's head to fall to the table. His forehead against the hard wood as he gave up his body, possibly his mind, all to Hannibal and his own purpose.

Hannibal fucked Will for a few more thrusts before bitting Will's shoulder as he came. He milked himself dry inside of Will's tight ring of muscles. The feeling of slick wetness, along with the heat and knowledge that he made Hannibal orgasm, was enough for Will to come.

His orgasm hit the leg of the table. Will came untouched, arching back and fucking himself in vain throughout his orgasm.

After a second of breathing collectively, Hannibal pulled out of Will and tucked himself back into his trousers.

Will stayed put, bent over the dinning room table. Feeling spent, both physically, emotionally and mentally.

"Give up, Will. Let me guide you the way you need to point. I promise you, I won't hurt you again."

The words seemed to seeping deeply into Will's skin. He took a few shallow breaths to collect himself before standing up straight, trying to ignore the ache in his ass.

He face Hannibal. He could feel the tension suddenly, as if it all come to a standstill between them.

"Okay."

Will sounded defeated.

That’s exactly he Hannibal wanted him. How he needs him. How he will take him.

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